

# NEWS

*American Junior Red Cross*

OCTOBER • 1956





#### KOREAN BROTHER AND SISTER

Little Brother, tied to Big Sister's back, plays with bright red ball, which was sent by American Junior Red Cross to Kum O School, Seoul, Korea, where Big Sister is a pupil.

# Children around the World

VOLUME 38 OCTOBER 1956 NUMBER 1

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## Surprises

Many surprises are in store for you in the NEWS this year. Boys and girls of other lands, for one thing, will come to life for you through stories and pictures. You will enjoy getting to know these children better.

## How sharp are your eyes?

We suggest a new game for your class to play this year. First, guess how many countries are mentioned in each month's NEWS. Then go through the pages carefully to count the number of countries. See how good a guesser you are. Keep a list of all these countries on your blackboard. Watch it grow each month!

## NEWS cover

Wesley Dennis spent nearly 3 months in Africa this year, sketching animals there. For our cover, he drew a picture of a mother and baby zebra he saw in Africa, with a marabou and a giraffe walking behind them. On pages 14 and 15 you will find more of his African animals.

## Take a bow, Trenton!

Fifth and sixth grade pupils at the Joseph Stokes Memorial School, Trenton, N. J., made a unique JRC exhibit to honor the 75th anniversary of the American Red Cross. They used small figures in and around models of a Red Cross chapter house, a hospital, and a school to show many kinds of JRC activities. Behind the scene, they painted a mural of the world. This beautiful exhibit was brought to Washington, D. C., where it was displayed at American National Red Cross headquarters.

## "The UN is your business"

This is the slogan for the 11th anniversary observance of United Nations Day on October 24. Your school may wish to plan for a special UN program on that day.


LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.



# THE STRANGER

by  
HAZEL WILSON





*Strange food, strange customs,  
new ways of doing things—Donny  
wondered if he would ever feel at home  
in this strange school in France.*

**D**ONNY'S NAPKIN slid to the floor. The boy beside him picked it up for him.

"*Merci*," muttered Donny. "Thank you" was about all he knew how to say in French. When the boy beside him spoke rapidly, Donny shook his head.

"If I'd known I was to be dumped in a French school where none of the boys speak English, I would have learned some French," he told himself.

Donny's Aunt Alice had brought him to the *École Balzac* the night before. He had expected to stay with her in Paris the six months his parents had to be away. But she had felt he would be happier with other boys. She meant to be kind. That was why Donny was now eating shredded wheat for breakfast instead of the crusty rolls shaped like new moons the other boys were having.

Donny flushed as he remembered how surprised Monsieur Donat had looked when Donny had arrived at the school with 24 boxes of shredded wheat.

"Donny will feel more at home if he has an American breakfast," Aunt Alice had told the headmaster.

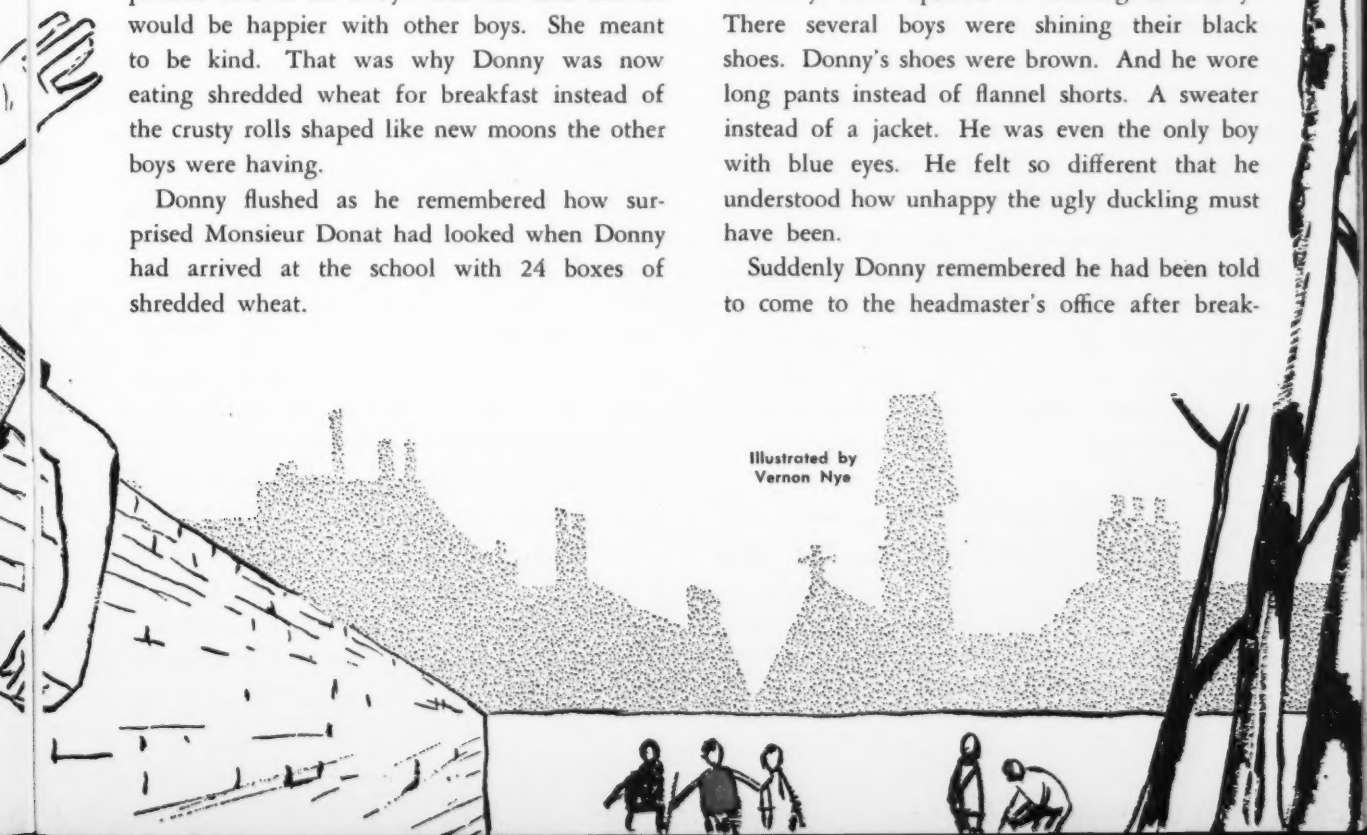
Donny took a mouthful of his shredded wheat and choked. The boy beside him pounded him on the back. His eyes were laughing, Donny thought, at him. Because he felt strange and lonely and hated to be laughed at, Donny kicked the French boy.

The boy's dark eyes flashed and he kicked back. But just then breakfast was over and he went off with a friend. "Pierre," Donny heard one of the boys call him.

Donny went upstairs to the big dormitory. There several boys were shining their black shoes. Donny's shoes were brown. And he wore long pants instead of flannel shorts. A sweater instead of a jacket. He was even the only boy with blue eyes. He felt so different that he understood how unhappy the ugly duckling must have been.

Suddenly Donny remembered he had been told to come to the headmaster's office after break-

Illustrated by  
Vernon Nye



fast. In a few minutes he was sitting across the desk from Monsieur Donat.

"You do not know the French. No?" asked the headmaster.

"Only a few words."

"Ah, a pity! A most beautiful language. You must learn him. Ah, well, it is necessary to make the beginning. Until you have learned more French you will attend the class with the infants learning to read."

"But I'm 9 years old," cried Donny.

"I know. Have patience. Soon you will be promoted. You know the arithmetic. Yes?"

"I was as good in arithmetic as any boy in the fourth grade back home," declared Donny, longing to be thought good in something. And he really *was* good in arithmetic.

"Good." Above his small pointed beard, Monsieur Donat's mouth and eyes were kind. "It is Monsieur Everard who teaches the infants. Prove to him that you know the arithmetic and he will arrange that you have arithmetic lessons with a higher class."

Eighteen little boys gazed at him with wide, wondering eyes when Donny reported at Monsieur Everard's classroom. Donny was assigned a seat on a bench too low for his legs. And given a book which appeared to be a picture book for babies. French babies. Donny's ears grew hot as Monsieur Everard made him understand that he was to stand and pronounce the words opposite the pictures on page three.

The word, orange, was the same in French and in English. But one little boy giggled at the way Donny said the French word for dog. And several giggled hearing him try to pronounce the French word for apple. Monsieur Everard hushed them sternly. He looked like a crow, Donny thought, with his sharp nose and rusty black coat.

The morning dragged on. Monsieur Everard did not like Donny's handwriting and made him write O and A over and over. Even geography seemed difficult. Donny did not even know the French for the *United States*. All the

little boys giggled when he failed to point out his own country on the big map of the world.

Donny was relieved when he was sent to the board to do a simple sum in addition. "At least I can show that I'm good in arithmetic," he thought. But that was before he saw a strange number on the blackboard. The top looked like a seven but there was a line across the up and down part. Donny decided that that must be the way the French make their nines and called it a nine. But it was a seven, he discovered, when Monsieur Everard crossed out Donny's answer and wrote down the correct one.

"Now he thinks I'm stupid in everything," Donny thought sadly. "Now I'll even have to do arithmetic with the babies." For he could not explain his mistake to the teacher. He did not know the French words.

Suddenly Donny was sure he could not bear to stay at this school. Not even another day. He would see the headmaster and get him to telephone Aunt Alice. She must come and take him away.

As soon as class was dismissed at noon, Donny hurried to the headmaster's office. Monsieur Donat would not have time to see him until after the recreation period in the afternoon, the secretary made him understand. She, at least, could speak a few words of English, Donny was relieved to find.

In spite of his misery, lunch tasted good to Donny. First came sardines and radishes eaten with curls of fresh butter. Donny had never eaten buttered radishes before. Not bad, he decided. Then there was some sort of veal in a rich sauce, green beans, tossed salad, creamy white cheese, and plump strawberries with the stems left on so they could be held and dipped in sugar. Each dish was served and eaten separately. It was all good. Donny decided that at least he liked French cooking.

The recreation period was directly after lunch. It began as another lonely time for the American boy. He stood near the high wall surrounding the courtyard, watching two boys play catch.

## France

*If you've been across the ocean in Paris, France,  
I don't need to tell you  
What you already know in advance.  
The gay gowns and fashions,  
And the people on the walks,  
The chattering and gossip,  
And the long, drawn-out talks.  
The Eiffel Tower, vineyards, and fishermen too,  
All are sights that will surely thrill you.  
France is a happy, lively place  
And you know when you go there  
What you'll have to face.*

By Cherry Miller  
Vinton School  
Omaha, Nebraska

One of them was Pierre, the boy with whom Donny had exchanged kicks at breakfast. Pierre threw a high ball. "Let it go over the fence," Donny said to himself. But somehow he could not keep his hand from going up. He caught the ball.

"*Merci*," said Pierre. "Good catch," said the expression in his eyes. With gestures he made Donny understand that he was invited to play ball. Donny had his first moments of enjoyment at this school, showing these French boys that he was good at baseball.

He was still, however, determined not to stay. An hour later he sat in the headmaster's office and asked him to telephone to Aunt Alice. "She won't make me stay here," he said.

"You had a difficult morning. Yes?" asked the headmaster.

Donny nodded. Then he found himself telling Monsieur Donat about his mistake about the figure seven.

"We shall give the explanation to Monsieur Everard," said Monsieur Donat. "I believe that tomorrow you may progress to a higher class in arithmetic."

"But I won't be here tomorrow," Donny reminded him.

"So?"

Donny found that he did not want to meet the headmaster's keen eyes. He looked up at the ceiling, which had a picture painted on it. An odd place for a picture.

"After one morning you surrender," said Monsieur Donat sharply. "Is that the way of Americans? To choose to do only the easy things?"

"No," cried Donny. But how could he make Monsieur Donat understand that he was too different from the other boys ever to be happy here?

There was a knock at the door and Pierre came in, apologizing for intruding. He said something to Monsieur Donat that made him smile.

"Pierre informs me that the boys are curious about the American breakfast. They wish to eat the shredded wheat."

"Why, they can have some of mine," said Donny. "And I'd like to try some of those crescent rolls?"

"It is good for people to share each other's ways," said Monsieur Donat gently. "But you are not staying with us."

"I am too," Donny suddenly decided. "For a while anyway."

He and Pierre left Monsieur Donat's office together. They could not talk to each other much but they laughed in the same language, Donny discovered. And he would soon know a lot of French. Monsieur Donat had promised to give him a private lesson every day.

"You, tennis?" asked Pierre.

"*Oui, oui*," answered Donny. That meant "yes" in French, not what the little pig said that couldn't find its way home.

The French boy smiled. He was just friendly, not making fun of Donny.

Donny grinned back. He no longer felt so strange here. He was finding out that a person is never a stranger in any country where he has made a friend.



## WHEN THE



Amid the rubble left by the earthquake two little girls open gifts from America.

**L**AST SPRING the country of Turkey was struck by a series of disasters—fire, floods, avalanches, and severe earthquakes. Thousands of villagers were forced to flee their homes in the stricken areas. Food and other aid was rushed to the people through the League of Red Cross Societies. The American Red Cross contributed over \$109,800 to help the victims of the disasters.

The American Junior Red Cross wanted to

help the Turkish children, too. Through the American Red Cross Children's Fund, 100 high-school chests were shipped and 10,000 gift boxes, as well as 12,000 children's undershirts. In addition 6,900 packages of vegetable seeds were sent so gardens could be replanted.

Pictures on these pages show Turkish children receiving gift boxes from their friends in the United States.

Everybody gathers round when AJRC gift boxes are opened.





# E EARTH TREMBLED IN TURKEY



Toys and other gifts help amuse this little boy during difficult days following the earthquake.

Gifts from America help Turkish children replace toys lost in the earthquake.



Turkish pupils greet American friends as they wave boxes just received.





# BOOKS

## ABOUT CHILDREN IN OTHER LANDS

By NORA E. BEUST

U.S. Office of Education  
Washington, D. C.

*The American Junior Red Cross through its Children's Fund has just started a new library project in which all members can have a part.*

**D**O YOU EVER WISH that some day you could travel to far places and see strange sights and meet new people? Almost everyone does. There is one way you can do all this without even leaving home. And the secret passport to this adventure is "Books."

The American Red Cross Children's Fund has just launched a new project to help increase international understanding through books. A library of 42 books has been selected for boys and girls in elementary school, telling about how children live and play and work in some 27 foreign countries. These books are listed below.

Members of the American Junior Red Cross not only help to make the project possible through

their contributions to the Children's Fund, but also, by reading the books themselves, they may join this adventure in international understanding.

To begin with, the library is being offered to the Department of Education in four states for distribution to rural school districts, because many children in rural schools now suffer from a great lack of reading materials. If acceptable to the Departments of Education, about 250 sets will be divided among Georgia, Missouri, Montana, and West Virginia in the school year 1956-57.

If the plan works well, other states will be selected in later years. The books will be labeled with an attractive bookplate stating that they are a gift of the American Junior Red Cross through the Children's Fund. This new library project has been worked out with the help of the U.S. Office of Education, the American Library Association, and the Department of Rural Service of the National



Illustrated by Ann Eshner

Education Association. This Department is co-sponsor of the program with the AJRC.

Though it is not possible for all of us to actually travel, boys and girls can get together with children throughout the whole world through books and reading. Yes, books are a way to make friends with Hansi in Austria, Pear in China, and the O'Sullivan children in Ireland. You will find that boys and girls everywhere are fond of their families, like to have good friends, and enjoy adventure—just as you do.

As you read, you will learn that we are all more alike than different. We may live in the four corners of the world, eat different kinds of food, and wear a great deal or a little clothing. At the same time we all want and enjoy many of the same kind of things.

The following list includes some of the books which will take you to faraway places. When you get back from your reading trip, you will, I believe, have learned to know your world neighbors better, and will have made new friends.

**AUSTRALIA** — *Bush Holiday*, by Stephen Fennimore, pseud. (Doubleday, 1949). Thrilling adventure of an American boy on a large ranch.

*The Land and the People of Australia*, by Godfrey Blunden (Lippincott, 1954). From days of discovery and exploration to the present.

**AUSTRIA** — *Hansi*, by Ludwig Bemelmans (Viking, 1934). The account of a jolly Christmas vacation spent in a wonderful old house built high up in the Austrian Tyrol.

**BURMA** — *Burma Boy*, by Willis Lindquist (Whittlesey House, 1953). A jungle tale about the love of a small boy for a mighty elephant.

**CANADA** — *The First Book of Canada*, by Charles and Marion Lineaweaver (Watts, 1955). The story of the people who settled Canada and a description of the history, government, geography, and industries.

**CEYLON** — *Black Lightning*, by Denis Clark (Viking, 1954). A story told the author by a Buddhist monk in

Ceylon where the wild life of the jungle lives almost next to the people of the community.

**CHINA** — *Little Pear*, by Eleanor F. Lattimore (Harcourt, 1931). *Little Pear* is typical of many children in China.

*Mei Li*, by Thomas Handforth (Doubleday, 1938). A little girl's adventure at the New Year's Fair.

**COSTA RICA** — *Magic Money*, by Ann Nolan Clark (Viking, 1950). The story of a country boy living in Costa Rica in Central America who finds out about the magic of money.

**DENMARK** — *The Picture Story of Denmark*, by Hester O'Neill (McKay, 1952). Present-day customs, industries, and people.

**GERMANY** — *The Ark*, by Margot Benary-Isbert (Harcourt, 1953). The life of a German family that tells how defeated people of courage can look to the future with hope.

**GUATEMALA** — *Santiago*, by Ann Nolan Clark (Viking, 1955). Santiago of Guatemala finds that his place in the world is "to help Indian children be good Indians in the modern world."

**HUNGARY** — *The Good Master*, by Kate Seredy (Viking, 1935). A story of the customs and people of the Hungarian plains and especially of a lively girl from Budapest who goes to her uncle's farm.

**INDIA** — *The First Book of India*, by Emily Hahn (Watts, 1955). About India, land of contrasts, and the many types of people who live there. India of the past and independent India of today are described.

*The Story of India*, by Jean Bothwell (Harcourt-Brace, 1952). A clear description of the country and its people.

**IRAN** — *Iran*, by Alice Taylor (Holiday, 1955). An introduction to changing Iran through its beautiful gardens and its people as well as art, industries and history.

**IRELAND** — *Cottage at Bantry Bay*, by Hilda van Stockum (Viking, 1938). The story of the O'Sullivan children and their father and mother who live in a white-washed cottage in Ireland.

**ITALY** — *The Marble Fountain*, by Valenti Angelo (Viking, 1951). The story of two orphaned boys in Italy after the war that tells of their new home and how life is gradually rebuilt.

**JAPAN** — *Japan in Story and Pictures*, by Lily Edelman (Harcourt, 1953). The story of how Japanese children live today.

*Crow Boy*, by Taro Yashima (Viking, 1955). A strange, shy village school boy wins the admiration of all.

*The Village Tree*, by Taro Yashima (Viking, 1953). The descriptions of the author's carefree childhood in southern Japan center around a huge tree on a river bank.

**KASHMIR** — *Little Boat Boy*, by Jean Bothwell (Harcourt-Brace, 1945). The story of a small boy and his family who live in a boat on the shores of a lake in Kashmir.

**KOREA** — *Getting to Know Korea*, by Regina Tor (Coward-McCann, 1953). A brief introduction to Korea that answers questions boys and girls want to know.

*Kim of Korea*, by Faith Norris and Peter Lunn (Messner, 1955). Adventures of Kim who is seeking an American soldier who had promised to adopt him and take him to the United States.

**MEXICO** — *Only the Strong*, by R. C. Du Soe (Longman, 1955). Tadeo develops into manhood when faced with the problems of saving his home in Mexico.

*Julio*, by L. M. Tyman (Abelard-Schuman, 1955). A 9-year-old Mexican boy's exploits and especially how he goes to the city.

**NETHERLANDS** — *Land of William of Orange*, by A. J. Barnouw (Lippincott, 1944). History, geography, and general information about life in the Netherlands before World War II.

*The Wheel on the School*, by Meindert DeJong (Harper, 1954). The story of a Dutch village and especially the boys and girls of Shora in their search for a "wheel on the roof" to bring the storks back.

**NORWAY** — *Ola*, by I. M. and E. P. d'Aulaire (Doubleday, 1932). The adventures of Ola, a small Norwegian boy.

*The Picture Story of Norway*, by Hester O'Neill (McKay, 1951). Special stress on life of today.

**PERU** — *At the Palace Gates*, by H. R. Parish (Viking, 1949). Paco, an Indian orphan boy, comes to Lima from the mountain-plateau of the Andes and learns to take care of himself in the large city.

**PHILIPPINES** — *Picture Story of the Philippines*, by Hester O'Neill (McKay, 1948). The story of the Filipino's fight for independence and about life on the islands today.

**SOUTH AFRICA** — *Thirty-One Brothers and Sisters*, by R. P. Mirsky (Wilcox & Follett, 1952). The story of Nomusa, the daughter of a Zulu chief in South Africa, and how she learns that being a girl has its good points.

**SOUTH SEA ISLANDS** — *Call It Courage*, by Armstrong Sperry (Macmillan, 1940). Mafatu, a boy from the South Sea Islands, who is afraid of the sea, learns to have courage.

**SWEDEN** — *The Picture Story of Sweden*, by Hester O'Neill (McKay, 1953). The story of how Sweden became a nation and how its people live and work and play.

*Pelle's New Suit*, by Elsa Beskow (Harper, 1929). How Pelle earned his new suit. The pictures show peasant life in Sweden.

**SWITZERLAND** — *A Belt for Ursli*, by Selina Choncz (Oxford, 1950). Ursli, who lives in a small village in Switzerland, borrows a bell for the spring festival.

**RED CROSS** — *Clara Barton, Red Cross Pioneer*, by Alberta Powell Graham (Abingdon, 1956). An unforgettable introduction to a woman of courage.

**GENERAL** — *Told Under the Star and Stripes*, selected by the Literature Committee of the Association for Childhood Education (Macmillan, 1945). Simple stories about the peoples from other countries who have brought the riches of their customs and traditions to America.

*People Are Important*, by E. K. Evans (Capitol, 1951). "We are all people, different from each other in many interesting and curious ways. Yet we are all alike because each one of us is so important."

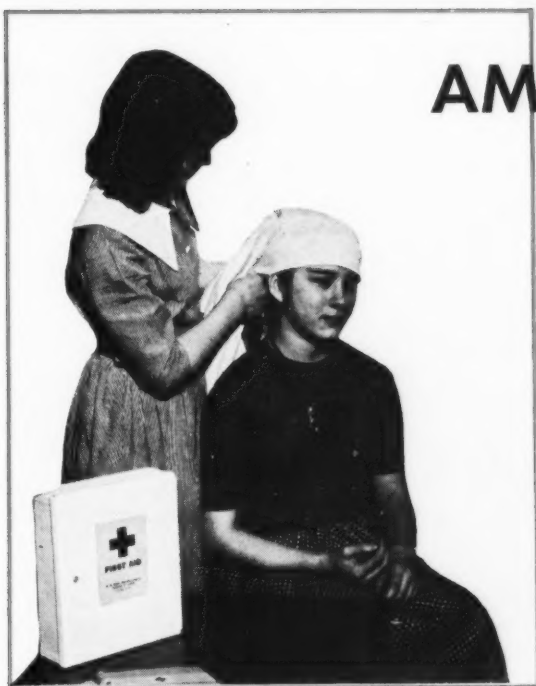
*Fun Around the World*, by F. W. Keene (Seahorse Press, 1955). Brief descriptions of the boys and girls of the countries of the United Nations with a special section on their holidays and a description of how to play a popular game or how to make a toy or a costume for each country.

*The Golden Geography, a Child's Introduction to the World*, by E. J. Werner (Simon, 1952). An introduction to geography that should stimulate boys and girls to read widely.



# AMERICAN JUNIORS IN OTHER LANDS

Boys and girls attending the American schools for dependents in other countries are active Junior Red Cross members. Learning first aid is one of their favorite JRC activities.



▲ NEWFOUNDLAND—In their first-aid class at Pepperrell Air Force Base School, Bonnie McIntyre applies a head-bandage to "victim," Diane Stone.

BORDEAUX, FRANCE—JRCers from the American Dependents' School practice bandaging skills learned in their first-aid course. ➤



◀ WIESBADEN, GERMANY—Campers from Hoyt S. Vandenberg Elementary School in Wiesbaden learn artificial respiration during their first-aid class at the AJRC day camp, first ever held in Europe for American dependent schools.



The rhinoceros scratches his back on the rough bark of the baobab tree, while egrets and tick birds fly around, and the gazelle poses in front.

## A DAY IN A BAOBAB TREE

*Jocelyn Arundel tells about some of the animals she saw when she was on a trip last spring to Tanganyika, Africa.*

*Illustrated by Wesley Dennis*

THERE is a small blue lake in Africa, not far below the equator. Around the lake is a big green swamp where grass grows tall as chimneys and hippopotamuses splash lazily all day long in the cool mud. Near the swamp is a mountain that is covered with forest. It is a deep green shadowy forest, just right for monkeys. There are elephants there, too. In fact, all the countryside between the small blue lake and the top of the forested mountain is filled with wild animals and birds. There are more animals than you could ever count in a zoo, or even in ten zoos.

If you were to live here . . . just for a single day . . . you would see many funny and amazing sights. High up on the strongest branch of a giant baobab tree, you could find a pleasant and

cozy home-for-a-day. You could stretch out full length along the broad, strong branch with the warm African sun on your back, and watch what goes on below you.

Not far from your home-for-a-day, in the middle of some greenish-yellow plains with the blue lake beyond, you can see a group of flat-topped acacia trees. Watch them closely!

Early in the morning, you see zebras come to breakfast, nibbling the grass near the acacia trees. They don't stand still long. Soon they are trotting saucily away, tossing their heads with an odd "Qua-aa—g Quaa-aa—k" that sounds like a dog barking with a cold in his nose. They trot near your baobab tree and into a thicket. Then they seem to disappear into thin air! But they are still

close by. Their black and white stripes are such fine color protection that they look like trees and branches touched by sun-rays.

While you are looking for the zebras, you hear a peculiar scraping, scratching noise against the trunk of your baobab tree. A huge, wrinkly-skinned rhinoceros is right below you, rubbing himself against the rough bark as if he had a terrible case of poison ivy. It would not be a good idea for you to fall out of the baobab tree now! Rhinos are disagreeable, and he probably wouldn't like you falling on top of him. Most all the animals between the lake and the top of the mountain leave the rhinoceros alone. Even the huge elephants are afraid of him. The only members of the community that seem to like him are the little white egrets and tick birds that perch on his head or ride on his back.

Have you forgotten the acacia trees? If you look you will see that something mysterious has happened to them. They have grown three long necks! In fact, there are three *extremely* long necks, poking right out of the treetops and swaying ever so slightly. Actually, they are just the timid gentle giraffes who have come to eat the leaves of the acacia trees. But, as so often happens, they are taller than the trees.

The little "Tommy" gazelles are the prettiest of all the animals you will see. They are no bigger than fawns. Their coats are a silky red-brown, and their eyes are huge and black. "Tommy's" are very lively and quick, and can race over the plains as fast as a car. Even the baby "Tommy," not much taller than a page of this magazine, must learn to run behind its mother only a few minutes after it is born.

When evening begins to fall and the sun goes down, the zebras move carefully towards a water-hole to drink. The tall giraffes follow, very slowly and timidly. As the air becomes cool, the elephants will come slowly out of the forest, maybe 20 of them together. One of them will surely stop beneath your baobab tree and tear off a strip of bark to chew, for elephants love it!

These are only a few of the animals you would see if you took a home-for-a-day in the top of a baobab tree not far below the equator. There isn't time to tell you of the lions and leopards, or the queer wildebeest, or the ostriches or leaping impalla.

Behind you, the monkeys chatter less and less, growing sleepier and sleepier. Perhaps you will come back another day.

THE END

Giraffes breakfast on leaves of the acacia tree, while zebras and other animals and birds feed nearby.



Father Navaho waved good-bye to his family as they set out for the mountains.



Illustrated by Sidney Quinn, Jr.

## RETURN TO THE WINTER HOGAN

His heart hammering with excitement,

Ditsa wondered if he would ever be able  
to measure up to what Father Navaho  
expected of him . . .

by ODESSA DAVENPORT

**T**HE early morning sun shone warmly through the door of the winter hogan. Summer had come. Ditsa, a 14-year-old Navaho boy sat on the hard-packed dirt floor. In front of him burned a small cooking fire. His mother stirred the bubbling food in the pot. Then she helped his father to a ladleful of coarse corn meal and tender mutton ribs that she had cooked.

Then she gave some to Ditsa and to Ti-wi, Ditsa's small sister who was only 10. It was Ditsa's favorite breakfast. Sekee, the brown dog that helped herd the sheep, lay close by.

"Yesterday," Father Navaho said, as if he did not like to say the words, "when the sun stood high over the land, it was hot."

"Yes," Ditsa's mother said, looking quickly at Father Navaho. "You mean it is time for us to leave our winter home here on the desert. We must take the sheep north where they will have plenty of grass and water through the summer. We will go where there is game for us to eat. This fall we will gather many pine nuts to bring back to our winter hogan. It is the Navaho way."

Father Navaho put his dish down on the floor.



"I am not going with you this summer," he said. "I shall not be there to help you care for the sheep, or gather the pine nuts."

Ditsa's heart sank. Why was his father not going with them to the cool mountains, as he had always done each summer before?

Mother Navaho folded her hands quietly and though she looked troubled, she waited for Father Navaho to explain. Ti-wi folded her hands in the lap of her long, full skirt and waited, too. But Ditsa—who was, after all, almost a man—spoke up.

"But, my father, where are you going? My mother cannot take care of the sheep, hunt for food, weave a blanket, cook for Ti-wi and me. . . How shall these things be done?"

Father Navaho stopped the flood of words with a raised hand.

"I will answer your questions one at a time, Ditsa. I go to Santa Fe. There I will make silver and turquoise jewelry for a man I know who sells such things. He will pay me well. You know that this year has not been a good one for our sheep. When winter comes we shall need money for warm clothes, for corn meal, beans, canned peaches, sugar, and many other things that we must buy at the trading post. This year the price we will get for wool of our sheep will not be enough. I must earn more money."

"But, my father—"

"Ditsa, do not speak until I have finished. *You* will go with your mother, help her with the sheep, hunt for game, take good care of your small sister, and gather the pine nuts. If you do all this well, you will be a man when you return; a true *Dine*, or one of The People. I shall take you for the first time to the tribal council."

Mother Navaho and Ti-wi turned to look at Ditsa. His heart beat faster. Could he do all that his father expected of him, and so become a man among his people? He felt frightened, but at the same time brave and happy. It was a strange feeling.

But maybe he would not succeed. It would be hard. And what if he failed? He could not bear to think of what that would mean—losing some

of his mother's precious sheep, perhaps. Maybe not having enough food for his mother and sister. Maybe there would be only a few pine nuts to eat around the fire in the winter hogan. . .

Ditsa looked up, met his father's kind brown eyes steadily.

"I will do my best," he said, feeling his heart thumping in his chest, but whether from pride that his father trusted him with this important work, or fear that he would fail, Ditsa did not know.

Ti-wi timidly put her hand on her mother's arm. Mother Navaho patted her daughter's small brown hand comfortingly, and smiled at her family.

"Do not worry," she said. "We shall manage very well."

Now that their plans were made, the Navaho family began to get ready to leave their winter hogan. Ditsa gave Sekee, the brown dog, a bone with much meat on it. Mother Navaho rounded up the sheep that were nibbling the dry grass of the desert. Ditsa and Father Navaho went to catch the four horses and one pony. The pony belonged to Ti-wi.

Ti-wi wrapped her two corn cob dolls in a small blanket. She put on the silver bracelet her father had made for her when she was six. It was set with three pieces of pale blue turquoise that had been carefully polished. Ti-wi loved this bracelet. It looked pretty on her brown wrist.

Mother Navaho soon had their small band of sheep gathered together close to the brush corral. Father Navaho and Ditsa came back with the four horses and Ti-wi's pony. Three of the horses were for Mother Navaho, Father Navaho, and Ditsa to ride. On the fourth horse, Mother Navaho packed blankets, cooking pots, and the four sticks that made her loom.

Father Navaho said goodbye and rode away toward Santa Fe. They would not see him again until fall, Ditsa thought. What would happen between now and that distant time, Ditsa wondered.

Prickly pear cactus grew everywhere, its flat

green leaves studded with clusters of sharp thorns. There were other kinds of cactus, too. Sometimes the Navaho family passed *Palo Verde* trees, with strange bright green trunks, and limbs bearing almost no leaves. Purple wild verbena covered the banks of some of the small dry washes.

The sheep walked slowly ahead of them. Sekee ran busily here and there. He kept the sheep from straying too far from the way Mother Navaho wanted them to go.

The day grew hot. At noon they came to a little creek. Cottonwood trees grew on its banks. The Navaho family stopped and ate a cold lunch of roast mutton and thin cakes made of corn meal.

That night they reached the high country where it was cooler. The family slept under warm gray and red blankets that Mother Navaho had woven from the wool of her flock.

When morning came Mother Navaho counted her sheep. Three were missing.

"We cannot go on until they are found," she said in a worried way.

"You and Ti-wi stay here with the rest of the sheep," Ditsa said. "I will find them."

He spoke bravely, because he did not want his mother to worry, and started off in search of the missing animals. He thought, "Surely they will be on the other side of that little hill." But when he reached the spot they were not there.

"I will look along the banks of this little creek," Ditsa thought. "Surely that is where they are." But no sheep were in sight. Ditsa began to feel discouraged. He looked behind a clump of trees. He looked in the thick brush. He looked in the shadow of a big rock.

He started back toward the camp, but the thought of his promise to his mother to find the sheep came back to him. Well, he decided, he would look one more place . . . in the little wash back of their camp. Though it was such a shallow wash he did not think the sheep could possibly be hidden there.

His heart heavy, he went up the wash a little way—and there the three sheep were, lying down! That was why he hadn't seen them before.

He called Sekee and together the boy and dog herded the sheep back with the others. Mother Navaho smiled happily when she saw them coming. Once more they started on, driving the sheep before them.

Two days later they were in the green, cool valley where they would spend the summer. Mother Navaho and Ditsa put up a small brush shelter close to a clear, singing stream. Their cooking fire was built out of doors. Mother Navaho put the sticks of her loom together and hung the loom from the limb of a tree. She began to weave a red and gray blanket with a black lightning design.

There was plenty of grass for the sheep. Rabbits, doves, and quail slipped through the brush. Speckled fish darted about in the pools of the swift little stream. Ti-wi picked yellow, pink, and blue wild flowers and built a little play brush shelter for her two corn cob dolls. Ditsa brought home rabbits and quail for them to eat. Mother Navaho tended her sheep and worked on the blanket in her loom.

It was a pleasant summer and everything went well.

At last the air grew cold. They knew it was time to go back to the winter hogan in the desert far to the south. Then Ditsa remembered that his father had spoken of something else he must do before he could become a man among the *Dine*, or the Navaho people.

"We must gather a store of pine nuts before we go," Ditsa said.

Mother Navaho could not go to the distant mountain where the piñon trees grew, as she must watch the sheep. Ditsa had only Ti-wi to help him. It was a great task, but Ditsa determined to gather as many flour sacks full as his father had gathered the year before. He asked his mother how many that had been.

"Three, my son," she answered. Ditsa's heart sank. The nuts were very small. And he would have to find many piñon trees. Could he do it?

Ditsa got on his horse. Ti-wi climbed on her pony. Mother Navaho gave them three flour sacks. The children set off across the rough

country. Finally they reached the place where the piñon trees grew thick and bushy.

Ditsa and Ti-wi hit the dry cones with long sticks, so that the small brown nuts fell to the ground. Ti-wi held a bag open while Ditsa scooped up the nuts with his hands, pouring them into the sack. Then they would hit more cones until their arms were tired.

It was hard work, but by resting once in a while they managed to fill all three bags. Ditsa's hands had painful blisters on them. Ti-wi's hands were not blistered, because Ditsa made sure his little sister did not work as hard as he did.

That night the children roasted handfulls of the delicious nuts before the fire. They cracked the thin shells between their teeth and had all the pine nuts they wanted. Mother Navaho smiled. She was happy that her children had all the pine nuts they could eat.

"Tomorrow we will leave," Mother Navaho said.

Next morning they all woke early. Ditsa and Ti-wi hurried to put on their clothes, for the air was cold. By the time the sun rose, the Navaho family were traveling slowly south. The sheep, fat on the rich grass of the summer pasture, walked along ahead of them.

Three days later just as the sun was setting, they came in sight of their winter hogan. Close by were the brush corrals for the sheep and the tree where Mother Navaho hung her loom. Father Navaho stood near the hogan, waiting for them.

Mother Navaho began to weave a blanket with a black lightning design.



"I am so glad to be home!" Ti-wi cried. Her pony began to trot fast. Mother Navaho smiled. Sekee, the brown dog, ran in circles, barking gaily.

"I do not know whether or not I shall be happy," Ditsa thought, "until I hear the words of my father."

There was work to be done, and no time for talk until that night as they sat around the fire eating pine nuts. Father Navaho listened to the story of the lost sheep that Ditsa had found, the rabbits and quail he had brought to his mother and sister for food, and the three bags of pine nuts he had gathered, with only Ti-wi to help him.

When the story was finished there was silence in the hogan. Ditsa waited quietly, as a Navaho should. What would his father say?

Father Navaho raised his hand to show that this was an important moment.

"Ditsa, my son," he said, "you have done well. You are a man. Tomorrow you shall go with me to sit in the tribal council of our people, the *Dine*."

"Thank you, my father," Ditsa said gravely. But his heart was dancing with happiness.

THE END



# MAKE Your Own Museum

Written and illustrated by  
SHIRLEY BRIGGS

IF YOU have ever visited a natural history museum, you have probably seen dioramas. You look through a large window at a very lifelike scene. In the foreground stand mounted animals or birds, shown among the typical plants and landscape in which they lived. Beyond is a distant view, perhaps showing you many miles of country. In a well-made diorama, you will not be able to tell where the real objects in the foreground stop and where the painted background begins.

These dioramas are one of the most interesting ways the museum has to show us just what life is like in far parts of the world. We can imagine that we are really standing in a tropical forest, or on an island in the Pacific, or in the Arctic snows.

Before the museum can make a diorama, all sorts of experts must study the place, and bring back samples of all the plants and animals needed. Then artists plan the background painting and make and arrange the life-sized objects in the foreground to give the most real effect. When we read about the expeditions that go out to study distant countries, most of us are envious. What an adventure it would be to go along! And if you ever have a chance to go behind the scenes in a big museum to see how the displays are made, you may think that this part is almost as much fun as the trip itself.

But perhaps there is no natural history museum near you. Or perhaps it does not tell you much about the things in your own neighborhood.

Does this give you an idea? Why not have the fun of going on your own expeditions and making your own museum? Of course you will not be able to do it as elaborately as a big museum would. Your dioramas will have to be small, with everything in miniature. But you can learn many fascinating things about your own plant and animal neighbors, and have the fun of sharing your findings with your friends.

First you will want to plan the project with your teacher and classmates. Many of you will know of places where the wild plants and animals are living almost undisturbed, as they did before the country was settled. These are the best places to explore, because they are really typical of your country. Select one or two of the best places for your special project. You will want to be able to get to your place easily, and also be sure you have permission to explore there. If you live in a part of the country with woods and fields, a good choice is a spot with some deep woods, a wood edge with bushes, and then some open field or meadow. Here you will find a variety of plants and animals. Another good choice is a place with a pond or stream, or some marshy land. Very different creatures may be found here.

In a city, find out which of your parks is kept in the most natural condition, and choose an interesting portion of it to show in your model. The people in charge of parks can be a help in your selection, and can probably tell you a good





**Sketch the main plants and animals.**

deal about the plants and animals found there.

If you live in the desert, your diorama will be very different. But you may be surprised to find how many creatures can live there without much water. Many desert animals come out only at night, so you will look for tracks and other traces to learn what is about. In mountains, the plants and animals are very different at various levels—the valleys may have entirely different kinds of life than the slopes not far above.

When you have picked your best place, you can organize your expeditions as a museum does. One group can look for all the kinds of plants, another can look for birds, and others can try to find mammals, reptiles, frogs, and toads. Since you are not going to make a life-size diorama, you do not need to collect actual specimens. You would not be able to do this in many places anyhow. Whether we are exploring private land where the owner is willing to let us go, or whether our spot is in a public park or forest, we have no right to damage anything. We want our special place to remain as it is, so that everyone who sees our diorama can go and find the same things living there as we found them.

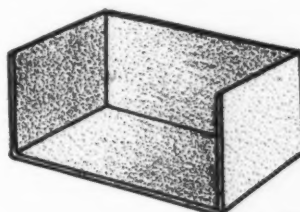
But you can all make lists, and sketch the main plants and animals you find. Then you can look in guide books to be sure you know just which kinds of plants and animals are living together there. It will help a great deal if a grownup who knows about nature can help with this part.

Now that you have lists and sketches, decide how much you can include in the diorama. Do not try to make it too large or elaborate. It is better to pick a typical, interesting corner of a woods and show it well than to try to put in the whole countryside.

Pick a definite time of year to show. Fall is an especially good choice because the colors are bright, and plants are easier to identify when they are in fruit.

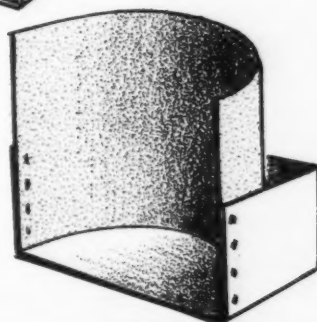
The first question in building the diorama is the size. You probably will not want to make your model too large, so this will help decide how small the little trees and bushes must be. Trees should be large enough to show the main shapes of different kinds, but not so large that you will have to put in too much detail.

Suppose you are doing a woodland edge. In the woods, trees may be 60 feet high, and shrubs from 10 feet to a few inches. Grass in the mea-



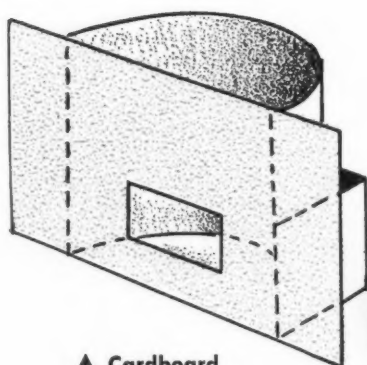
← **1. Remove top and front from box.**

**2. Attach cardboard in a curve for background painting.** ➤

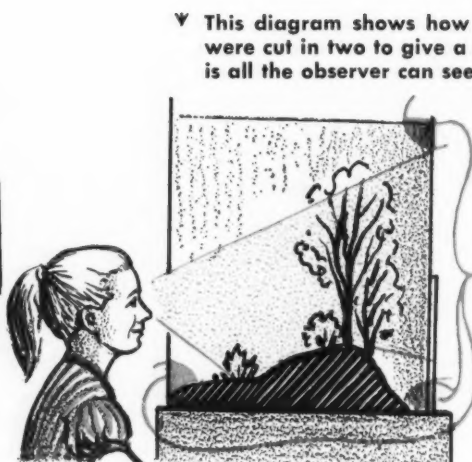


**3. Build up foreground with wadded newspaper covered with strips dipped in paste.** ➤





▲ Cardboard front panel with peephole.



▼ This diagram shows how the model would look if it were cut in two to give a side view. The shaded part is all the observer can see.

These corners are best hidden from view if you want your model to look as real as possible.

dow may be a foot high. If you choose a diorama size where one inch in your model equals 10 feet in real life, tall trees will be 6 inches high and shrubs an inch or so, which are handy sizes to make. For grass, you can soak old pieces of carpet in green paint, or put sawdust in your poster paint to give texture as you color the foreground.

Start your model with a strong box of the correct size. A cardboard carton will do, or an orange crate. This will be the outer support. Cut off the top and front. Then take a piece of white cardboard, which may be taller than the box, and bend it into a curve. Put this in the box to form a background for your model. Fasten it firmly with tacks or tape. On this you will paint your background scene.

Now you are ready to build up the shapes of your foreground. You may want to make some sketches of the effect you want, before any further work is done. Keep in mind the exact angle from which the observer will see the diorama. Cut out a small square in a piece of cardboard larger than the front of your model. Put the hole at the normal place for a person to see your landscape, if he were in small size too. Keep this cardboard handy, and put it in front of your work every now and then to make sure that everything looks right from this one place. The cardboard will go in place permanently when you are finished. People like to look through peepholes,

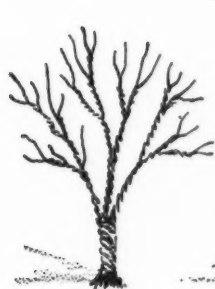
and this keeps them from seeing your work from the wrong angle.

Several materials are good for building up the foreground. Papier maché is cheap, light in weight, and fairly strong. Cut newspaper into strips an inch or so wide. Crumple other newspaper into wads and arrange these as a base for your foreground. Dip the strips into flour-and-water paste, and lay them over the wads until you have a solid, even foreground. Let this dry, and paint it with white casein paint as a base for your final colors. If the diorama need not last long, a clay base can be made. Some schools use a flour and salt mixture that can be modeled like clay.

There are many tricks in making foreground and background seem to blend together. In a museum you will notice how often you seem to be looking out over a valley, with the foreground dropping out of sight, and the background with a distant view beyond. The diagram shows how this would look from the side.

A screen of trees and bushes can also hide the joint between foreground and background.

Trees can be made by twisting wire together at the bottom and letting it spray out at the top. But it is often more fun to find things outdoors that make miniatures. Last year's sumac berry stalks are perfect little trees trunks when the berries are gone. Dip them in rubber cement and then roll them in ground-up, colored sponge rubber to



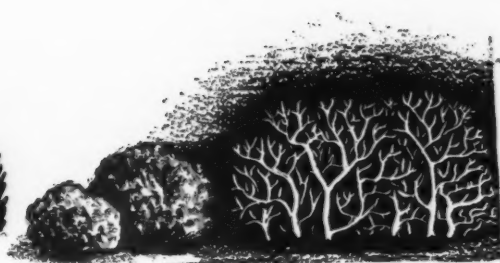
Twisted wire tree



Sumac tip tree



Ground pine for evergreens



"Reindeer moss" lichens for bushes or distant trees

make the leaves. Sometimes you can buy ground rubber, or just put a rubber sponge through the meat grinder. Colored sawdust can be used, too, and your poster paints are fine for coloring. Shrubs can be cut out of hunks of sponge rubber, and painted. If you live where "reindeer moss," a kind of lichen, grows, gather some, soak it in glycerine to keep it soft, and separate it into little clumps. It looks just like bushes or distant trees.

Whenever you are outdoors, look for branches or seeds or other things that will do for miniatures. Ground pine is useful for faraway pine trees, and you will find many other possibilities.

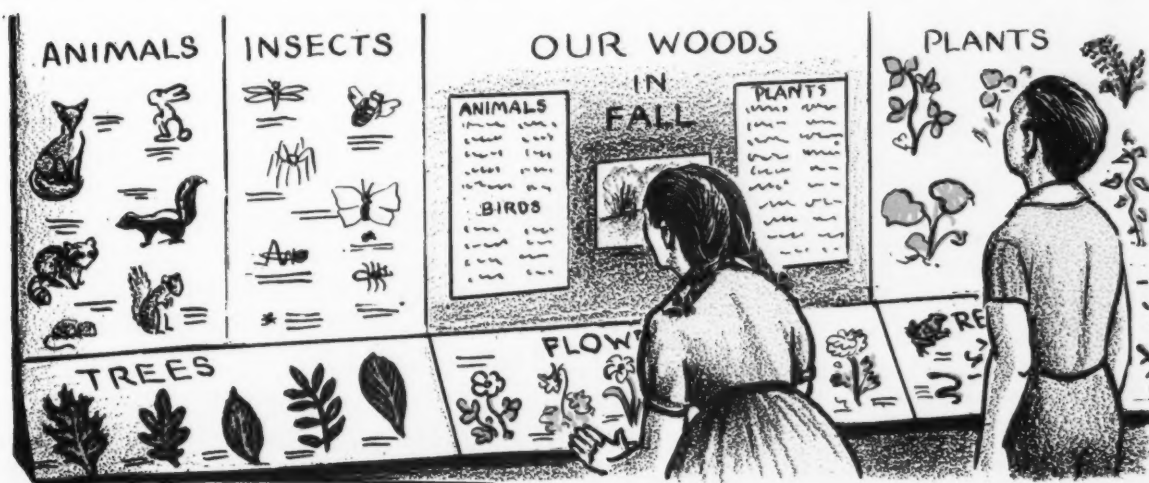
For water, put a piece of glass in your foreground, coloring the maché underneath in shades of brown, and tinting the top of the glass blue. Colorless lacquer or fingernail polish is fine for this, with some blue color added. It can be poured right over the maché to make a flowing stream.

Small creatures, like birds and animals, can

either be modelled in wax or clay, or they can be drawn and painted on paper and cut out like paper dolls.

Three things will help give your diorama the effect of distance. First, as you paint your background, show the same kinds of plants getting smaller and smaller as they are farther away. Second, make the colors in the foreground bright, and as you go back toward the horizon, make them more and more bluish-gray. Third, show plenty of contrast between dark and light in the foreground, and tone this all toward a middle grayish tone in the distance.

At the side of your finished diorama, you may put a description of the place you are showing, with a list of the main plants and animals that live there. Many that are too small to show in the model can be sketched here. The people who come to see your museum may be surprised to know how many different plants and animals live in the countryside they thought they knew so well.



# The Outside Cat

By JANE THAYER

Illustrated by George Wilde

SAMUEL was an outside cat. He was an outside cat because he never was allowed inside.

The people in the house were good to Samuel, and they put bits of meat and sometimes a saucer of milk in the yard for him. They did not invite him in, because they had an inside cat.

On cold winter days, when even Samuel's fur coat could not keep him warm, he could see the inside cat sitting snugly in a window looking out. He decided to be an inside cat if he could manage it.

Sometimes the inside cat came out for a breath of air and a stroll around the garden. Samuel explained that he would like to be an inside cat.

The inside cat yawned. "But you can't be an inside cat."

"Why?" said Samuel.

"Because I'm the inside cat." And the inside

cat got up lazily and went to the door, which opened for him but shut in Samuel's face.

In spite of what the inside cat said, Samuel still hoped to be an inside cat. He watched the door closely. He saw that when the postman came the front door always opened. That was a way to get in! The next time he saw the postman coming he rushed to the front door and slipped inside.

But someone put him out before the door closed.

He saw that the back door always opened when the laundryman came. That was a way to get in! When he saw the laundryman coming he rushed to the back door and slipped inside.

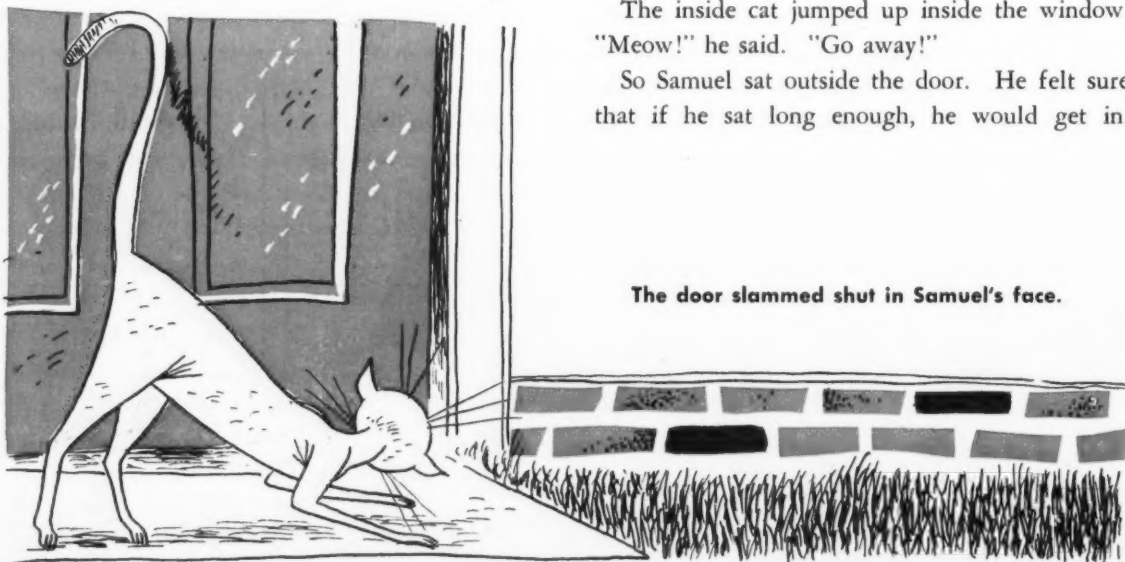
Someone put him out before the door closed.

Samuel saw a shelf outside the window, where the people put flower pots in the summer. He jumped on the shelf and looked in. "If I can see in, why can't I get in? Meow!" he said. "Let me in!"

The inside cat jumped up inside the window. "Meow!" he said. "Go away!"

So Samuel sat outside the door. He felt sure that if he sat long enough, he would get in.

The door slammed shut in Samuel's face.





To Samuel's surprise,  
somebody picked up the  
chair and carried it off.



People went in and came out. Samuel dodged inside between their legs. Everyone picked him up, politely of course, and put him outside, saying, "You are an outside cat."

One day Samuel was sitting outside the door, waiting to get in, when he saw a big truck stop in front of the house. Two men got out. They opened the back of the van. They came up the walk and rang the bell. The door opened and they went in.

So did Samuel. Nobody stopped him or put him out.

"At last I am in this house," thought Samuel, "and I am going to stay! I'll get under this chair and they won't know I'm here."

He was sitting quietly under the chair when, to his great surprise, somebody picked up the chair and carried it off.

"Well!" thought Samuel. "I shall get under that table."

He was sitting under the table when, to his great surprise, somebody picked up the table and carried it off.

"What's going on here?" thought Samuel in alarm. "I'd better get under that bed."

Somebody picked up the bed and carried that off too.

And there sat Samuel in an empty house! All the furniture had been moved out. All the people had moved out. Even the inside cat had moved out!

"This is a fine thing," said Samuel to himself in disgust.

He walked around the house. He couldn't find a bit of food or even a soft spot where he could take a nap.

So finally he decided that he might as well go out. Only he didn't see any way to get out.

He jumped on the windowsill, where he had often seen the inside cat sitting, and looked out. ➤

"If I can *see* out," he said, "why can't I *get* out? Meow!" But he couldn't get out.

He jumped down and went to the back door, but it was closed. He went to the front door, but it was closed. By this time Samuel was very anxious to be an outside cat once more. He wandered about the house looking for a way out.

Suddenly Samuel's ears pricked up. He rushed to the front door, as a man opened the door. Samuel dodged between his legs and slipped outside at last. Then he crawled under a bush to calm down.

Men began to unload furniture from a moving van. They took in a chair and a table. They took in rugs and a kitchen stove, and all sorts of furniture. Then they closed up the van and drove off.

Some new people drove up in a car and went into the house.

Samuel watched it all. He watched the house for several days. It began to look cheerful and homey. Finally he decided again that he would be an inside cat if he could manage it. He marched boldly to the front door and sat down.

Someone opened the door and came out to cut a branch of red berries from a bush. Samuel leaped up the steps.

"Here is somebody's cat," said the people. "Go home, kitty."

Samuel went to the back door. Someone

opened the door and came out to get some wood from a pile.

This time he managed to slip inside. No one saw him.

"At last I am in this house," thought Samuel, "and I am going to stay! I'll get under this chair and they won't know I'm here." He got under the chair and fell asleep.

The people in the house put the red berries in a yellow bowl. They put the logs in the fireplace and built a crackling fire. They sat around the fire while the flames danced in the fireplace.

"How cozy it looks," they said, "with red berries in a yellow bowl and flames dancing in the fireplace! All we need is a pussy cat, curled up in front of our fire!"

At that moment Samuel woke up. He heard the fire crackling. He crawled out from under the chair. He stretched and he yawned, and he sat down to blink at the fire just as if he were the inside cat and belonged there.

"Why, here's that cat!" cried the people.

They all looked at Samuel. "Maybe he hasn't got any home," they said. "Let's let him stay and be our cat."

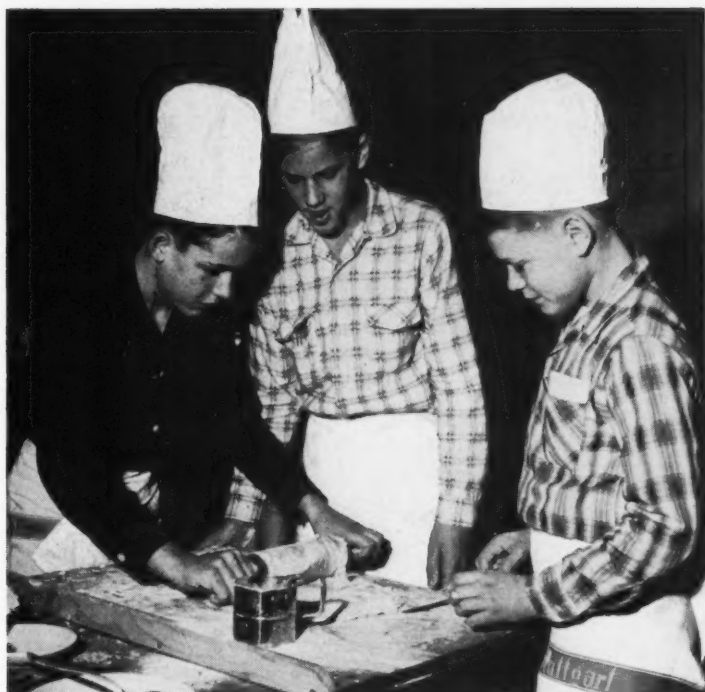
Samuel pretended he wasn't listening, but his ears twitched. "It's a smart outside cat who gets to be an inside cat!" he said to himself.

Then he curled up in front of the lovely fire, and purred!



## GIFTS from Mexico and Samoa

JRC members in East Baton Rouge, Louisiana, Parish Chapter display gifts received from Mexican and Samoan school children in appreciation of gift boxes which they sent overseas in the past few years. Admiring the gifts from afar are (left) Rimmy Kolb, Sharon McClure, and (right) Gayle Cutrer.



### *Stuttgart, Germany*

Three young chefs, JRC members at the school for American military dependents in Stuttgart, make cookies for patients at the nearby U.S. army hospital. (Left to right, George Christensen, Harry Reinke, and Bobby Simms.)

## Everyone Helps

### *San Francisco, Calif.*

Paul Preston sells a cup of flavorade and a cupcake to schoolmate Susan Jones, at the ninth annual JRC fair put on by sixth graders at San Miguel School to raise money for the service fund.



# Columbus

Dorothy Brown Thompson

Gladys Blakely Bush

"Yesterday we faced due West, which was our course—"

Log of Columbus

With breadth and majesty

He held his course, he faced due West, In spite of dread and mys-ter-y ; He  
If res-o-lute when ways are dim, We hold our course how-ev-er bleak: Who

missed the ob-ject of his quest, But wrote his name in his-tor-y.  
knows, but we may find, like him, A some-thing bet-ter than we seek?

Illustrated by Jo Fisher Irwin





